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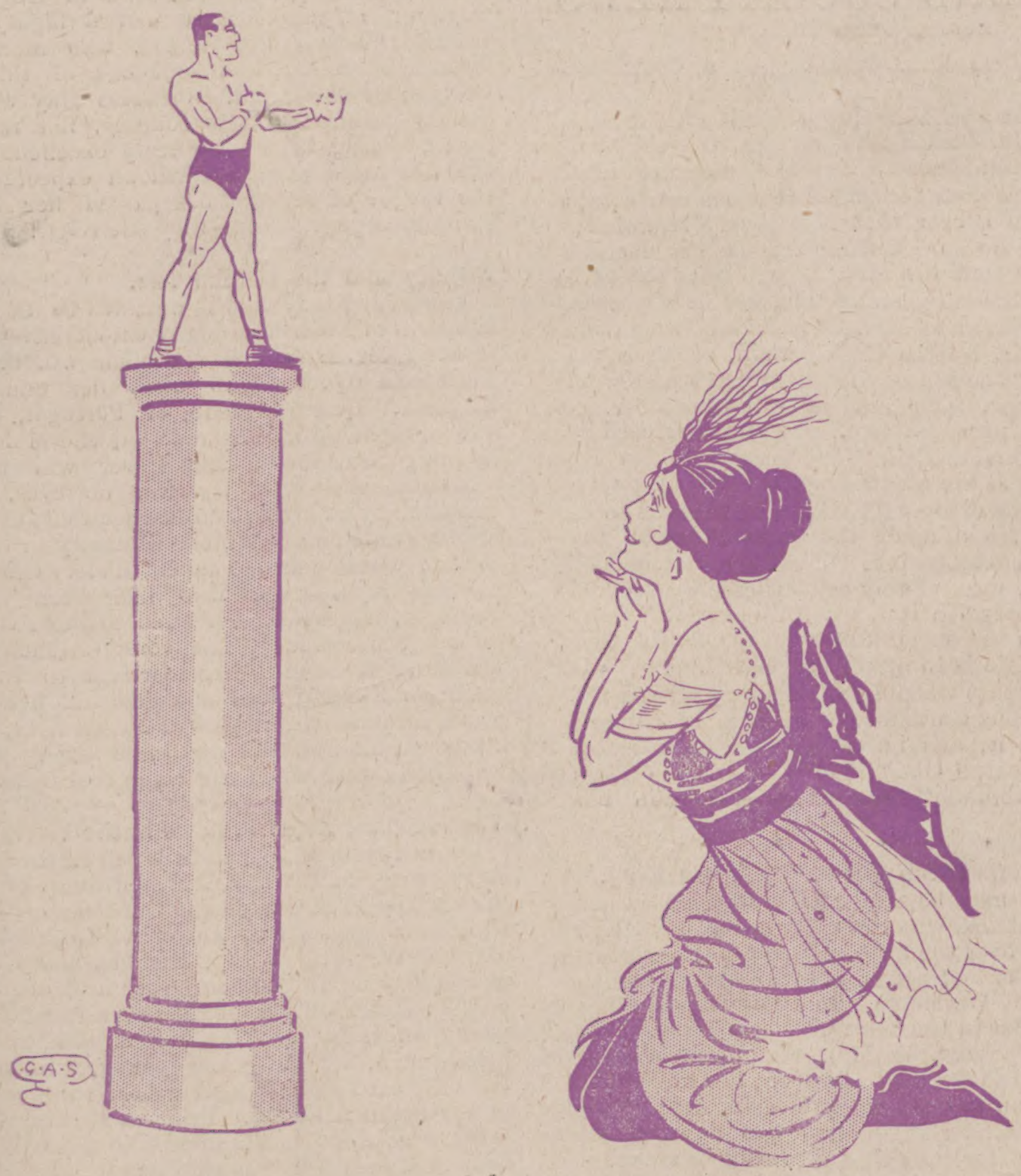

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

The King Offers Mrs. Chamberlain a Countess's Coronet.

I hear that the King has offered a Countess's coronet to Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, the widow of the famous statesman. At the moment Mrs. Chamberlain is considering whether she can accept the title, and I hear that it is highly improbable that she will do so. Should this be her decision it is probable that his Majesty will offer the earldom to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as, in any case, an earldom offered to Mrs. Chamberlain would not descend to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as he is not her son, being the son of the statesman's first wife, a Miss Kenrick. Our readers will remember, of course, that a peerage was offered to and refused by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain many years ago.

As recently as six months ago a sixpenny paper, *The World*, stated that Mr. Chamberlain was to be made an earl, and made the announcement the subject of a contents bill. The "announcement" was, however, immediately contradicted by *Modern Life* on February 7th last, when we stated, "There is no truth in the suggestion of *The World* that Mr. Chamberlain is to become an earl . . . It is well-known that when Lord Salisbury offered the right honourable gentleman a peerage he respectfully declined it, and intimated that he intended to die plain Joseph Chamberlain." And as "Plain Joseph Chamberlain" the great statesman has passed away!

* * *

Mrs. Chamberlain much admired by Queen Mary.

Apropos, it may be added that if there is one woman in existence who can clear the clouds which have gathered over the heads of the American peeresses during the last six months it is Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. We happen to know that she has a very deep place in the heart of Queen Mary. This may seem surprising, as Mrs. Chamberlain never went into English Society, and spent her life in the deepest devotion to her famous husband. Although an American, Mrs. Chamberlain was destitute of social ambition for herself, and during the years she has been the third spouse of the dead statesman, she has won the entire admiration of the people of this country by her self-sacrificing devotion to her husband. A coronet would be a fitting reward, but it would have to have a "special remainder" in favour of her step-son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and special remainders are very rarely granted nowadays, except to distinguish soldiers and sailors.

* * *

When King George "popped the question"!

The bells rang out merrily over St. James's the other day for the twenty-first anniversary of their Majesties' wedding, and everybody marvelled as they listened, and could scarcely believe that more than two decades have elapsed since Prince George of Wales, who had not then become Duke of York, "popped the question" to the betrothed of his late brother down at Lord Mount Stephen's place at Brocket Hall (or was it at Luton Hoo, when Madame de Falbe had the place?), was accepted, and the engagement announced. "Princess May" used to be severely chastised by the women-folk in those days.

She has lived it all down now, and of course everybody knows that she had no say in the matter. She has turned out a God-send to England, any way, for we might have had a flighty Russian Grand Duchess, like Marie, who married King Edward's brother, and kept out of this country every hour she could. Princess May was always greatly admired in this country, her mother and father having been such truly excellent folk, but she has more than justified all expectations, and the tongue of scandal has passed her by like a summer zephyr. Long may she reign!

* * *

Royalty and the Garden Isle.

The young lady who is destined to be the next Empress of Austria-Hungary should have a peculiar interest for British folk, for she will be the only European Queen who owes her education to England. Queen Amelie, of Portugal, was born and brought up in England, but she is no longer a reigning Sovereign, and never will be again. Archduchess Zita, of Austria, however, came to this country as a girl, and learned most of what she knows at a Roman Catholic seminary in the Isle of Wight, where she was taken under the wing of another royal lady, who had been Queen of Portugal, but who had retired to the religious life on being widowed. The young Archduchess did not leave Ryde until her marriage to the future Austrian Emperor was arranged, but her marriage was a love-affair, for she had known Archduke Karl Franz all his life, and was quite aware what his intentions were when she came to England.

* * *

The Happiest Royal Princess in the World.

Other royalties who have fallen in love with the south coast of England for their summer holidays are the Queen of Greece and the Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, who is over with her four sons—Princes Welgang, Philip, Richard and Cristoph—and is staying at Eastbourne for a fortnight. Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse is a forceful woman, whose affection for England is not without its blood-touch, for she is the youngest daughter of King Edward's eldest sister, and is therefore sister to the German Kaiser. Princess Frederick Charles is very good-looking, and she is the only descendant of Queen Victoria who has had twins. Princess Frederick Charles made up for that omission as well as she could, however, for she had two sets within four years. Her mother left her the Schloss of Friedrichshof, and she is one of the happiest women in the world.

First American to enter the Salisbury Family.

Mention of the American peeresses reminds me that young Will Cecil, whose Oxford exploits I mentioned the other week, has gone and got married to an American soubrette, and the Cecil family have scarcely recovered from the blow. The Rector of Hatfield, I hear, has said "Good-bye" to his wayward son for ever. Young Will, in fact, is "warned-off" at Hatfield, for up till now no American woman has ever borne the illustrious name of Cecil, and Will's wife has a very good chance of one day being Marchioness of Salisbury. There have been many more remarkable occurrences in the Peerage, even in this century.

* * *

A Romance in the Making.

Between Dorothy May Jannaway and the Salisbury coronets there are to-day only the lives of the Marquess of Salisbury's two sons, Lord Cranborne, who is twenty-one, and an undergraduate at Oxford, and the Hon. Ted Cecil, who is fourteen. In the ordinary course of things it is even chances that the coronets will all fall to Dorothy or her sons or grandsons during the next hundred years. Then will be perpetrated a legend in the Hatfield family, almost rivalling that romance in the Exeter branch of the Cecil family, which led one of the Marquesses of Exeter into such trouble something over a century ago. The Exeter Cecils, by the way, are the senior branch of the family, their ancestor having been the eldest son of the great Lord Burleigh, the progenitor of the Salisbury Cecils having been a younger son by a second wife.

* * *

Lord Exeter's Romantic Union with Sal Hoggins.

The Marquess of Exeter was a sensitive and artistic soul, who had a horror of being wedded for his rank and title. So he set off on a tour of the country-side, dressed as a penniless artist, and in a remote village in Shropshire attracted the notice of a cowherd's daughter, named Sarah Hoggins.

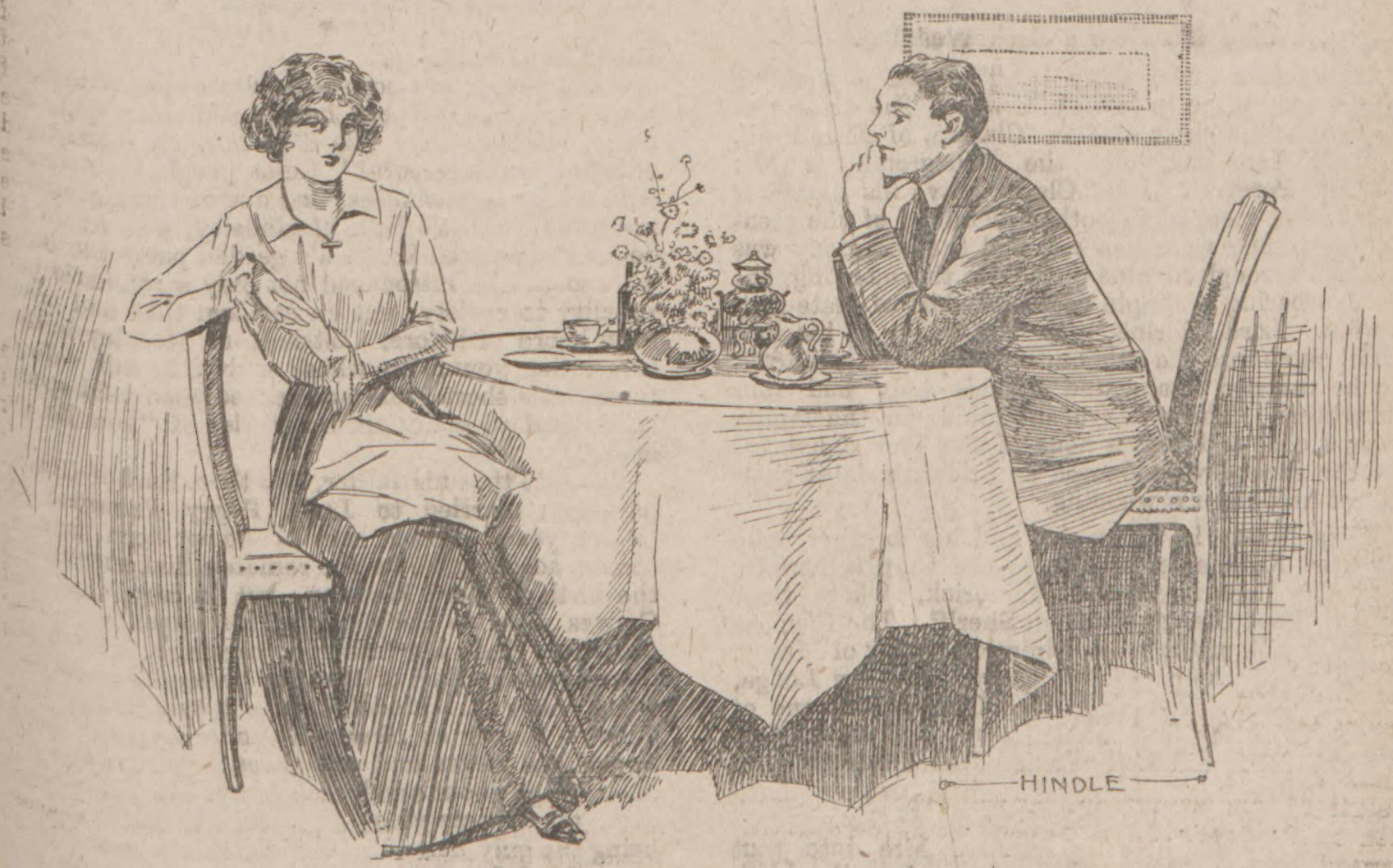
Pleading destitution, and the girl's love growing stronger as he piled on the agony, he married her, took her home to Burleigh-House-by-Stamford Town, where, finding herself Marchioness of Exeter instead of Mrs. Cecil, she pined and died.

The story is as true as it is romantic, but up till now there has never been an unequal union in the Hatfield branch of the Cecils, they being a race of hopeless opportunists, who never do anything "for love." So you can just imagine the consternation that has fallen upon the illustrious carpet-baggers at Hatfield House, now that there is a prospect of a Yankee lass being chatelaine of the old home! All the same, it is highly unlikely that Dorothy May Jannaway (now Mrs. Will Cecil) will ever set eyes upon Hatfield House as long as she lives!

* * *

Sir Reginald Hart, V.C., in for "something good."

Before the King went down to Hurlingham last Saturday week he had a mixed crowd at the Palace doing "homage," and presenting Parliamentary addresses. The Indian orderlies who have been on duty at the Court functions this season said farewell to his Majesty, and were decorated with the Victorian medals, and amongst the crowd I noticed that genial Irish fighter, Sir Reggie Hart, V.C., who, it is whispered, is in for "something good" very shortly before he finally retires from the Army for ever. Reginald Hart won the Victoria Cross in Afghanistan on January 31st, 1879, and also sports the Humane Society's medal, and a French medal of honour of the 1st Class. At sixty-six Sir Reginald is still full of ginger. I should not be



She: "Did you miss me when I was away?"
He: "Oh no, dear. I went to a lecture every night."

The Nut: "Not very warm to-day, what?"
The Girl: "Well, perhaps not as warm as you'd get it in Brazil."

surprised to see him with a baton in a couple of years' time!

* * *

Secret behind the Nine o'clock Wedding.

There is a queer story lying behind a wedding which took place in town last week. The bride was the eldest daughter of Lord Clarina, of Elm Park, County Limerick, and the bridegroom, a Mr. Dudley Percival. Lord Clarina gave his daughter away, but most of the other members of the great Massy family were *non est*, and the ceremony was hustled through at nine o'clock in the morning, the bride wearing a simple coat and skirt of slate-grey poplin. Lord Clarina, after the death of his first wife, came into the title quite unexpectedly in 1897, so he married again, and by this lady had four daughters. There has been trouble in the family ever since, and hence none of the four daughters by the second wife figured as bridesmaids at their eldest half-sister's wedding.

Miss Massy is thirty-six, and her brother, who lives at Kathkeale, is heir to the Clarina barony, and also lives in County Limerick, where their father, Lord Clarina, is High Sheriff. The Clarinas are a branch of the great Limerick family of Massy, the head of which is Lord Massy, of Massy Lodge, Co. Limerick. The first Lord Clarina was one of the sons of the first Lord Massy, and established his own fame and fortune as an Irish Field-Marshal and Governor of Limerick. The present Lord Clarina used to be Colonel of the Scots Guards, and his only son and heir has followed him into that regiment. Miss Mary Massy has, since the birth of her four step-sisters, been somewhat of a thorn in the nest at Elm Park, and now that she is finally disposed of, it is to be hoped there will be peace in Lord Clarina's feudal stronghold.

* * *

Little Lord Madeley.

Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths; some are born lucky, and some rich, and some, whether they like it or not, are born to be always "in the picture!" Some people are invested with all these attributes, and one of them seems to me to be the little Earl of Madeley, who made his debut at Princess Victoria's garden party the other afternoon, and introduced not only a romantic personality to society, but an earldom that had never been heard of before. Little Lord Madeley is that interesting youngster whose arrival in this vale of tears three short years ago caused such wild speculation and so many absurd stories of "how he got here."

The fact that his father, the then Earl of Crewe, had been married to Lady Peggy Primrose for twelve years without a child being born was, of course, accountable for the romance that surrounded the birth of Lord Madeley, but in any case the Crewes were so delighted at his appearance that the King made his father a marquess, and so the infant became Earl of Madeley before he knew anything about it. Madeley was taken from Lord Crewe's manor at Newcastle-under-Lyme. Lady Peggy has never had any more children, and she does not go about much in Society, being frightfully keen upon preserving her precious son's life, he being the only heir to all the high honours conferred upon Lord Crewe, who had one son by his first wife, who died a quarter-of-a-century ago.

Four generations of Lord Howe's family at Marlborough House.

Another youngster who shared the honours with Lord Madeley amongst the children was the little son of Viscount Curzon, whose pretty wife was in the grounds of Marlborough House along with her husband, his father, Earl Howe, and Earl Howe's mother, old Countess Howe, who lives close to the Crewes in Curzon Street, Mayfair.

The four generations of the Curzon-Howe family were a tremendous source of interest to Queen Alexandra, who has known them all ever since her arrival in England fifty years ago. Old Lady Howe was one of the Ansons, and she married the third Earl Howe fifty-five years ago. Her son, the present earl, has been in Queen Alexandra's train all his life, and for some years has been the Queen-Mother's Lord Chamberlain. Princess Victoria's garden party was a very stately affair, but very sombre, for everybody was in deep black, especially the Queens, who included King Manuel's wife and mother, and the Dowager Empress of Russia. All the ladies of the Royal family, except those in Scotland, were present, but of course Princess Arthur could not go, and she will henceforth be unseen until the baby arrives.

* * *

The Civil List.

For the first time for years the Civil List pensions granted this year offer no serious ground for complaint. To be quite fair, I must admit that, under Mr. Asquith, the Civil List has less grotesqueness than under Mr. Balfour. The latter statesman was a student of affairs who viewed things from the clouds. Hence he awarded pensions on the recommendations of important people without having any precise reason why they should be granted. The outstanding feature of this year's list is the pension of £80 per year granted to Mrs. Bacon, the widow of the distinguished painter who died a few weeks ago, while engaged upon one of the State Coronation pictures. Mrs. Bacon would by now have been "Lady" Bacon, for her husband had been ear-marked for knighthood in the next Birthday Honours List, and he was still under 50.

But his widow's plight now that he is dead is a striking commentary upon the position of Royal Academicians in 1914, considering the considerable Royal patronage which was accorded him. As we remarked but a few weeks ago, there is a lot of back-scratching in connection with the Royal Academy, and it is not always the finest artist who draws the big fees. I was reading an article on Mr. John Lavery the other day in one of the "bits" papers, and could not help laughing at the tall talk indulged in by the hero-worshipper about the immense sums paid to Mr. Lavery (in the writer's mind, of course). This sort of thing we are accustomed to in the music-hall world, and Vesta Lloyd or Evie Vincent, whose salary, on paper, may be £200 a week, is very pleased to get a Bank of England note for £50 on Saturday, and "Mum's the word!" But this sort of fun seems nowadays to have spread to art spheres, and more's the pity, say we! Anyway, we cordially congratulate Mrs. Bacon upon her £80 a year.

That fellow's an awful boozer. This makes the sixth pub I've met him in this morning."

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE INNER MEANING OF CARPENTIER v. SMITH.

The result of the Carpentier-Smith fight will be known to the reader before this article is in print, and I am not going to attempt to prophesy what it will be. There is nothing certain, except death and rent-day, as the old saying has it, and it may be that the Frenchman will have to succumb to the extra weight of Gunboat Smith, especially as the latter is a cool and collected customer, just as Carpentier is, with any amount of skill into the bargain, and is not likely to get nerve-stricken as Wells did in the face of the all-conquering French wonder. On the other hand, it is just as likely, if not more so, that Carpentier will add to his laurels. He is in a winning vein, and apparently right at the top of his form, and winning leads to winning in boxing as in everything else. At any rate, one thing is quite certain—a very large section of the public will be romantically, if not sentimentally, disappointed should the hero of the girls, who have taken such a fancy to boxing under the glamour of the French boy's wonderful performances, go under before his tough opponent.

But what I wanted to say to-day was this:—that the intense interest that has been taken in this fight is welcome indeed to all who look askance at the decay in England of a genuine love of the old sports and games of the country. It may be not a little humorous at first sight that a Frenchman has had to be the main instrument in rousing once again the fighting blood of our country, and (more wonderful still) in making boxing really fashionable among the ladies. But we have got over that by now, and after all it is not a bad thing for Englishmen to learn that they are not the only pebbles on the beach, either in boxing or polo or tennis or golf, or in any other of the things that, as a matter of fact, belong to the natural instincts of humanity at large, so long as people, whether Frenchmen or Americans, or even Japanese, once get the athletic mania really in their blood and exercise all their ability to achieve prowess in their chosen pursuit.

And what is especially interesting in this revival of the interest in boxing and fighting is this:—that it tends to do away with the encouragement of the namby-pambiness that in the decadent days of the latter part of the nineteenth century appeared to be getting hold of Englishmen. It was a poor day for England when, under the banner of the aesthetes who set the fashion for English youth in those decadent days, men were encouraged to develop a most sickly sort of effeminateness that was altogether contrary to the national virility that had always characterised English youth. It was not for nothing that Oscar Wilde was sent to prison, for it is from the day of that tragic occurrence that we must perhaps date the reaction against decadence in art, and it is after all (though you have to look into things to see it) the tendency in art that shows the tendency of a nation in many of the principal developments that characterise national evolution. A sickly art has given way to a virile art. An affectation in art has given way to a realism, the end of which we cannot yet see. Women became so sick of effeminateness in men, and gradually showed in themselves the disgust and reaction that was bound to come, and so we see more virile and "manly" women to-day, and infinitely more manly men than we were favoured with in the days when curly-headed and scented monstrosities that were called men were the worshipped of the worshipped in the cultured circles of the metropolis, and considered the correct thing in the ridiculously called "advanced days" of the latter part of the last century. Of course, all this means that to-day we are in for a reaction that, it may be, is all too much the other way about. We see in motor-cars and aeroplanes and noises, and an affected sort of realism that is reaching its apotheosis in Futurism and Vorticism, something that is perhaps dangerous to true art, but yet, even at its worst, is better than the Wilde cult and all that it meant. But there are not wanting signs, and very clear ones, that romanticism is very far from dead among the English people. The intense interest that has been aroused over the celebrations in honour of "Waverley" and Sir Walter Scott, shows that so long as human nature is human nature romanticism can never die, will always come into its own again, no matter what set-backs it may temporarily have to put up with. And perhaps in a romantic sort of virility, exemplified by the worship of boxing and fighting to-day, by men and women alike, we may find some sort of a satisfactory half-way house between the decadent art and life of the past and the horrors of the Futurism that Martinetti and his friends are so fond of preaching to us.

These are some of the thoughts that the Carpentier-Smith fight has brought to my mind. And only a superficial mind sees in it, and in the development that it signifies, a return to the animal instincts, the lust for blood, of our forefathers. It is not so at all. Properly looked at it is one of the most promising signs of our national life.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

"Did the Phœnicians drink beer out of buckets?" asks the *Daily Sketch*. We expect they did—it seems a very natural thing to do.

* * *

"PAPER MISSILE THROWN AT ROYAL CARRIAGE. SCOTTISH WELCOME."—*Daily Express.*

Another injustice to Scotland.

* * *

The Heir Apparent to the Austrian throne boasts that he has witnessed one musical comedy fifty times in three months. A striking instance of that courageous fortitude that is the heritage of princes.

* * *

"For morning meetings, morning dress; for evening meetings, evening dress," says the programme of the International Veterinary Congress. It was feared, we presume, that the vets. might turn up in pyjamas.

* * *

Extract from the "Southend Guide Book":—"The stretch of sand is somewhat limited, but where Nature fails, the corporation steps in." After all, one good turn deserves another. For in regard to Town Councillors, it has been observed that Nature always deals very generously with the corporation.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

What does the Prince of Wales think about Princess Helene of Greece and what does Princess Helene of Greece think about the Prince of Wales?

* * *

May not a certain K.C. shortly figure in the Divorce Court—*not* as counsel?

* * *

Who is the young man about town who has been buying so many imitation pearl necklaces, and why?

* * *

Has not the Bishop of London aged considerably since he tackled the forcible feeding problem?

* * *

Are there not at least three opium dens in the Euston Road?

* * *

Who suggested that Sir Thomas Lipton should adopt the motto "tu doces" — thou teachest?

* * *

Has not Sir Edward Grey intimated to the foreign government representatives that the King will not be going abroad again this year?

* * *

Is it true that anarchy is being actively planned in a certain Oxford College?

* * *

Is not a famous peer about to astonish London by the sale of all his estates?

* * *

If some of the picture papers are not exceeding the speed limit in their pictures of ladies bathing, and what people would think and say if we published things of this kind?

* * *

What is the business venture upon which Miss Lydia Kyasht thinks of embarking?

* * *

Who is the lady who so persistently follows the boxer Carpentier about from town to town? Does he relish her ardent love-letters, and is she not the woman who created such a sensation in the big political divorce case some years ago?

* * *

Is there not a strong antagonistic movement brewing with their ranks, the fomenters of which are beginning to call for an account of the expenditure of the Union?

She (pathetically): "George dear, your grip takes after the weather."
He: "How's that?"
She: "It is relaxing."

What was Sir H. Beerbohm Tree's object in calling upon the Rev. Forbes Phillips, the cheery Vicar of Gorleston, last week? Was it in reference to a play written by the reverend gentleman, which Sir Herbert is considering for production in the near future? And will not the play, if produced, cause something of a sensation in ecclesiastical circles?

* * *

What did Victoria Cross mean by stating in her book "The Greater Law"—"Among the lat r writers she chose out those for him in which there was a depth and philosophical work, where the language was refined and the images beautiful, and filled a revolving bookcase in his room with the works of Milton, *Victoria Cross*, and Bulwer Lytton"? (The italics are ours). Is she making a bold bid for a V.C.?

* * *

How did one noted sculptor to whom the question of a statue memorial to Mr. J. Ch a m berlain was suggested, propose to get over the difficulty of the representation of the characteristic monocle? And didn't his remark prove him to be a rank Radical?

* * *

The identity of the actor - manager who very nearly failed to "produce" owing to a financial breakdown, and was ultimately saved, thanks to the generosity and resourcefulness of his leading lady?

* * *

Isn't the "Orange" question likely to give the Government the pip?

* * *

May we not expect a startling development within the next two months in the W.S.P.U. movement?

* * *

How much money has Christabel collected towards this purpose since the last raid on headquarters, and what are the means she has employed to keep the names of the subscribers secret?

* * *

What was Freddie Welsh doing at the Bank of England yesterday? Was he making enquiries as to how "Ritchie" was. [Excuse us, please.]

MORE OR LESS.

Mice and Men.

A magistrate the other day sentencing a man for the theft of a pot of cream, expressed surprise that he should have risked so much for so little. Certainly, big risks for little things are mostly run by women. Men are generally brave only when the odds make it worth their while. It is the timid creature, commonly supposed to faint at sight of a mouse, who never stops to calculate results. By the way, have you ever yet met the woman who ran away from a mouse? I never have. My own private impression is that the only time a woman is ever afraid of a mouse is when she has on irreproachable stockings and shoes and a particularly attractive specimen of the masculine sex is somewhere about.

Iced Caresses.

Eden is commonly supposed to have been a place devoid of rows, but an official recently reported that there were great troubles at Eden during the hot weather. It made the people there so quarrelsome, he said. True, this particular Eden was not on the banks of the Euphrates, but on the Thames, but an official remark like this makes one wonder whether Adam and Eve really retained a billing and cooing disposition at a temperature of a hundred and something in the shade. The correct marking for the barometer of flirtation is, as I daresay you all know, two in the shade. For myself, I think one can quite well do without affection in the hot weather, unless, of course, we keep it in cold storage. The only thing palatable in heat is something on ice—whether it be champagne or caresses.

FASHION'S MARTYRS.

In the winter they took off collars and . . everything else possible. The above shows the latest summer models.

And the next?

An up-to-date bookshop has announced its intention of having in future only pretty booksellers to press its wares upon hesitating purchasers. Some people are already waxing indignant over the innovation. "As if any woman would be attracted to a shop just because there are pretty clerks behind its counter, forsooth!" cried one. Perhaps not. But what about the men—those strange beings in trousers with a roving eye and a wandering disposition. Experience has proved that wherever there is beauty congregated together there, too, you will find the men. And what male person—even a Scotchman—could grumble over the price of a first edition of one of the old masters of prose when there is the latest edition of the oldest women of all smiling at him across the counter! (Do they have counters in bookshops, by the way?)

How do you etc.?

"How do you become a journalist?" a girl wrote and asked the other day. Upon my word I don't know. But I am told this is one of the ways:—You do the grand tour of the newspaper world, and try to see editors, only, of course, the editors won't see you. They ask you to call again. If you are very young and very green, you do. Then you have to buy a lot of penny stamps and some large envelopes, and a lot of foolscap paper, and a bottle of ink, and try and bombard the editors through the post. If the walls of journalism don't fall, in spite of repeated walking round them, at the end of seven years, then I suppose you can't be a journalist, that's all. Never mind, there are lots of other ways of making a living. A pretty girl can always get a living. What she's got to be careful about is to see that the living doesn't get her.

Marriage in duplicate.

Times have changed since Daudet wrote his "Sapho." Speaking of women: 'Keep them short, and you've got them," he made one of his characters say. But the remark doesn't apply to the modern woman. She must have all a man has, and a little one besides, and then he doesn't always keep her. The one-dress-a-year woman is extinct. As for loving a man more because he keeps you short of money, it must be a funny kind of woman who could do that. But most men grudge their wives their allowances. They seem to think a woman ought to be able to keep a house going on air. It is quite true when they marry her they endow her with all their worldly goods; but wait till she asks him for them, that's all. The modern marriage is supposed to be a one kind of man affair, but every woman lives with two men—the one she thought she married, and the one she really has.

Louise Heilgers.

10,000,000.

By Our Mathematical Expert.

[With Apologies to a Well-meaning but Sensitive Illustrated Daily.]

Ten millions! Read it out figure by figure. Now stop. How nice it tastes to the mouth! How delicately those dear little podgy 0's trip around the tongue—like marbles, or grapes, or cocoanuts.

At last we have achieved that for which we have been so unselfishly striving for so many years.

Listen! We are ten times millionaires. Do not mistake us, we do not mean in money—money is not our object. No, what we mean is that we are overjoyed at the fact that Englishmen are rapidly proving to us that they are an intelligent nation. To-day we number ten million readers, in good round figures (refer to illustration above). Yesterday we sold about one million copies of "The Morning Glass" in good round figures (see special photograph above), and as each copy goes through at least ten hands, from the bluest blood in the land down to the humblest esquire, we now have a daily circulation of ten millions. We are millionaires. Think of it! No, not like that! Think hard.

Eight hundred tons of paper per day (and bear in mind that the motto for our paper is "Quantity and Quality"). Can you imagine what this means? Let us think it out for you. Eight hundred tons—more than 1,600,000 pounds. Imagine 1,600,000 apples or motor-cars, and then you begin to have some glimmering of our colossal success and what we are talking about. Picture to yourselves 1,600,000 pounds of butter, which, if used even on a lavish scale, would last several people for more than several lifetimes. Even the ink used each minute in the production of our paper would be sufficient to drown quite a large number of animals. Concentrate your mind on the 20,000 miles of paper used per day, which, if placed end to end (after being torn in strips), would reach a great deal farther than if it were placed end to end without being torn in strips, and there would be sufficient left over to paper a room. Ten millions! Stupendous! Even the energy used by the purchasers in handing over the coin of the realm for our paper would be sufficient to lift a train three feet higher than Mount Everest (29,002 feet), and this same coin if placed in a heap would make quite a big pile.

Now perhaps you begin to visualise what 10,000,000 means. Suppose I started to count to-day's issue, like this: "One, two . . . twenty . . . ," it would take me, allowing even 15 copies to the second, "thirty-five, thirty-six . . . seventy-four . . ."

What was I saying? Oh, yes. "Five hundred and ninety-five, five hundred and ninety-six . . ." Do you begin to see what ten millions mean now? "Seven thousand and four, seven thousand and five . . ." Oh, my nut! "Twenty thousand six hundred and eleven, twenty thousand six hundred and twelve . . ."

Extravagant Daughter: "Jack does not think he will be able to support me in the manner to which I have been accustomed."

Father: "Marry him, anyway. I don't suppose I could keep it up much longer myself."

Hurrah! I'm a millionaire, a millionaire am I! We're all millionaires on "The Morning Glass," and if I placed my million in the bank, I would not even have enough left over to paper . . . ."

[Note.—Our mathematical expert has just been taken home suffering from a slight cold, so we hold over the remainder of this article until he is able to return to take up his duties again.—ED.]

Daily Mail heading:—

ULSTER FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Not in this heat!

* * *

"The holiday trains are full of pet kittens," says the *Daily Sketch*. And of old cats, too, more's the pity, to look after them.

* * *

Childhood is the periodical relapse of mankind into savagery.

* * *

It is only natural that a jade should be stony-hearted.

* * *

A nut would often be very stony if he were forced to shell out what he owed.

BY THE WAY.

Poor Teddy Payne! What hard luck for so perfect a laughter-maker! All the "real good uns" in this line of business go the same way. Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, W. S. Penley, and a whole crowd of lesser jesters, make up the sorry story of the funny men on the London stage. And George Robey will go the same way home if he doesn't look out! On Saturday night, when the Coliseum audience demanded a third song—George's usual turn!—he had to come on and explain that he had done seven shows that day and was absolutely exhausted. Nothing succeeds like success, they say. But they say lots of silly things nowadays. Take warning, George, London doesn't want to lose you, but you're looking for trouble. And you don't want Will Evans to have the laugh of you in the end!

* * *

The famous authors of the fun have also been popping off rather alarmingly of late. Brandon Thomas, who wrote "The Private Secretary," and "Charley's Aunt," and Sydney Grundy, who did "A Pair of Spectacles" and "A Marriage of Convenience," have both disappeared, though not quite so alarmingly as did young Stanley Houghton a few months ago. Dramatic authorship is feverish work, with a lot of toil and trouble, and oft-times not a penny hanging to it. The one famous playwright whom time does not wither nor custom stale is George R. Sims, who can look back upon forty years of story and play-writing, and can still see some of his excellent things being staged, notably "Two Little Vagabonds," "Harbour Lights," and "The Lights of London"! G.R.S. is sixty-seven years old.

* * *

A morning paper that is old enough to know better speaks of the "Maharajah" of Baroda having arrived at Claridge's. His Highness's title is, of course, "Gaekwar," a Maratha word meaning "protector of the cattle"—the first Gaekwar having been a cowherd. Different Indian princes visiting London affect different hotels; there was a time when "Ranji" affected the Great Central, but that's another story. With the Gaekwar it is always Claridge's, the hotel which Kingslake, the historian, found such a difficulty in "rhyming" to anything save "marriages" and "carriages." Baroda's present ruler is best known here for the untoward "incident" at Lord Hardinge's Durbar. He is a man of strongly marked views and represents one of the three great Maratha houses that gave so much trouble when we were conquering India—Sindhia of Gwalior, Holkar of Indore, and Gaekwar of Baroda.

* * *

Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, whose very recent naturalisation as a British subject surprised so many people, was born in France but educated at Freiburg. For years his aspirations were wholly musical and not at all dramatic, and it was during his long term of nearly twenty years as Director of Music at Sherborne School that he married Miss Georgina Calder. He has many musical compositions to his name, but an increasing deafness caused him to use the megaphone when rehearsing the great pageants, which were all the rage a few years ago. From pageants to pageant-plays was but a step, and Mr. Parker's admirable "Drake" and "Joseph" at His Majesty's (where he is now busy rehearsing his "Copperfield" lay) are fresh in the memory. He is probably making more money than any contemporary dramatist (not excepting Shaw!), for it would be difficult to exaggerate the U.S. triumph of his "Disraeli." The "Louis Napoleon" is accounted for by the fact that he was born in the year of the coup d'etât, 1852.

* * *

"Looking ahead," as one has to do in these strenuous times, Mr. Frederick Harrison has fixed on September 1st for the Haymarket première of Haddon Chambers's "Tante," with Lillah McCarthy and Godfrey Tearle for its protagonists.

PARSON IN DUCKPOND.

"Would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that within me rise."
(Tennyson).

The author claims that he had written quite a lot of his play ere discovering that he was working on the lines of Anne Douglas Sidgwick's famous novel of Louisiana life, whereupon an "amicable arrangement" was come to between playwright and novelist. A daily contemporary rightly speaks of Haddon Chambers as the least prolific of the leading dramatists. The reason is, that Haddon has a little way of writing a few lines of dialogue in the morning, and spending the rest of the day in admiring what he's written. There was a moment, we believe, when Sir C. Wyndham almost despaired of getting the fourth act of "The Tyranny of Tears," finally pointing out to the author the difficulty of "announcing" an unfinished play.

* * *

That "new" story of the sentry who told the flippant "militiaman with a sausage" that the militiaman might "pass," but the sausage must "halt," is a wee bit reminiscent of Marryat. You must remember how that novelist of the briny exploits the tradition that no new visitor to "Gib." must leave "the Rock" until or unless he be gloriously inebriated. Thus, the sentry's challenge would be answered by, "Naval officers drunk in a wheelbarrow." "Halt, naval officers drunk in a wheelbarrow, and give the countersign." (The password is duly given). "Pass, naval officers drunk in a wheelbarrow—all's well!"

* * *

The printer made us say "Frank" for "Basil" Foster, when speaking of actor-cricketers the other day. It is a coincidence that two actors who are splendid cricketers, Basil Foster and Aubrey Smith, are achieving brilliant acting successes at the moment, the one in "The Land of Promise" at the Duke of York's, and the other in "Driven," at the Haymarket. It was C. A. Smith who, pending his Cambridge and Sussex successes, captained one of the two teams that foolishly toured Australia in opposition to each other in 1887-8.

* * *

Talking of "Fostershire," it is less in luck's way than Northants, where Lord Lilford has promptly and generously planked down £500 to meet a debt of last year's working of the county club. Lord Lilford, the landowner who has recently achieved notoriety by his troubles with his agricultural labourers, is a noted breeder of shorthorns, a useful cricketer, and a crack shot.

* * *

Have you heard about Sir Herbert Tree's apt rejoinder to the Eminent Divine who suavely said, "I place the influence of the Stage next to the Church, you know"? "Why put it second?" was Tree's retort to the E.D.

* * *

We are in a position to affirm that "Tay Pay" won't—as many seem to think he will—be Home Secretary, or anything else, in the Government of Ireland at Dublin. Mr. O'Connor has no desire or intention of severing his connection with the Scotland Road division (so called because it happens to be the Oirish quarter) of Liverpool, and therefore he is far more likely to be an Under-Secretary of State in a Liberal Government at Westminster. T. P. has done splendid spade-work for his party,

The Delegate: "The fellows want to know, are you a boy or a girl?"

and they can't afford to ignore him. Meanwhile, the preparations for his new (autumn) newspaper are well advanced.

* * *

Was this year's "Gentlemen v. Players" at Lord's a record for the number of county captains engaged? We think it must have been. There were Fry (Hampshire), Foster (Warwickshire), Hornby (Lancashire), Douglas (Essex), Warner (Middlesex), and Smith (Northants)!

* * *

We were told some examination paper "howlers" the other day, which are new to us, although they may not be to everybody. "King Alfred the Great was a very good man, and when he died Lord Rosebery preached his funeral sermon." "Wycliffe's great work was the translation of the Bible into Middle English, because he thought the people would be most likely to understand the English spoken in the Midlands." "The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the West, and our Colonies are in the North, South and East." "A Primate is the wife of a Prime Minister." "An emolument is a soothing medicine." "In the United States the people are put to death by elocution." "Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in autumn when the apples are falling from the trees."

* * *

Princess Margrethe, the daughter of the King of Denmark, will be the first Danish princess to study for a degree. She is taking her matriculation as a University student, and her tutors are well-assured that she will pass without the slightest difficulty, and will then be able to continue her studies towards a degree, on the arts side. She is a very intelligent and versatile girl, fond of riding and open-air exercises, and is no mean executant on the pianoforte, and has, indeed, composed several pieces of a high order for the piano and violin.

* * *

We hear that there is a greater scarcity of domestic servants than ever, while the number of lady authors is increasing by leaps and bounds. The inference is obvious, judging by the modern type of novel.

TABLOID TOPICS.

The "heart of London" is still beating—all record in estate deals.

* * *

"The Sins of David." Continuous Performance. Imperial Theatre, Westminster.

* * *

They had a "Twelfth" in Ulster. The day passed, and left the Irish still grousing.

* * *

One can now buy books by weight in Charing Cross Road. Thus you select your own "light" or "heavy" reading.

* * *

The advantages of these mammoth stores increase daily. Only last week a wealthy lady got a husband at the Army and Navy Stores.

* * *

The Archdeacon of Stoke: "The tendency of the day is practically to dress less and less." Rather, to dress less and less practically.

* * *

Mr. G. K. Chesterton: The paradox of futurism is that it has no future." And that of Mr. Chesterton is that he has no chest——oh, dear, no!

* * *

"What Welsh is afraid of," is the heading of a picture of the boxer's wife. And what most married men are afraid of, too, although it's a bit thick to put it into print.

* * *

The clothiers of Leeds have drawn up a list of new demands. It is to be hoped that our clothier will not follow suit. The existing demands seem to be the limit, if not a cut above us.

* * *

The party of South African farmers now touring Europe were highly delighted with their recent visit to London. The forwardness of the crops on the Aldwych site especially interested them.

* * *

The French army has abolished the wearing of red trousers and substituted grey ones. This has given much satisfaction to the Labour Party who feared the introduction of black legs.

* * *

A swimming expert, writing in the *Evening News*, mentions that one of the best floaters he has ever met is a gentleman named Moses. 'Twas ever thus, as Biblical and financial records show.

* * *

A fly laying its eggs has been cited as a comparison to Lloyd George's creation of officials. Many of the latter aver, however, that it is their salaries and not themselves that are microscopic.

* * *

In view of the acquirement by alien companies of the Kent coalfields, a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* wants to know whether Canterbury Cathedral is to be destroyed by foreigners. Not if the Suffs know it.

* * *

The Post Office authorities are forced to buy foreign pines for "tele" poles. The Home product is absent. It may be whispered to British timber-growers that in this instance repining would be of some use.

Slit bathing costumes are being worn this year. A see-side attraction.

* * *

"What to do with cucumbres," says a headline. We generally eat 'em, when they're spelt correctly.

* * *

Sun Umbrella is a racehorse from which great things are expected. He comes from no shady stable, evidently.

* * *

To bring their own drinking-water is the latest bright idea of athletes visiting this country. There may be something in it.

* * *

Mrs. Catt is president of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance. She has no feline of sympathy with the Cat-and-Mouse Act.

* * *

Some ancient tablets recently deciphered go to prove that Adam had the first bite at the Eden apple. Then Eve got the pip—hence all the trouble.

* * *

At last the wardrobe for Shamrock IV. has been definitely decided upon, and it only remains for the yacht to give her opponent a good dressing down.

* * *

"If the Government wish to avoid bloodshed they must cut Ulster," says Sir Edward Carson. One way of coming to a pieceful understanding.

* * *

"Should women attend prize-fights?" asks a contemporary. Personally, we think their achievements at the Summer Sales fully qualify them to do so.

* * *

A lecturer said recently, "If you must have a pet, get a pig." It is reported that many of the ladies in the audience replied that they were already married.

* * *

The latest fashion in ladies' headgear is a trimming of small electric lights. But those to whom this fad appeals would appear to be light-headed already.

* * *

"Parents should have their children painted before they grow up."—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

If they are girls they may then be trusted to paint themselves.

* * *

A writer states that it is eighty years since the pork pie was first displayed at a railway station buffet. We have reason to believe that it was sold last week—to us.

* * *

A newspaper tells us that flappers wore "grown-up" frocks at Lord's last week. This is a decided novelty. Most of the frocks nowadays look as though they will never grow up.

* * *

We read that the Anglo-American community in Berlin is highly delighted at the Kaiser's telegram to the American Ambassador, thanking him "for his kind *massage*." Now, if it had been the *Turkish* Ambassador we could have understood it.

He: "Are you married?" She: "No."
He: "Single?" She: "No."
He: "Divorced?" She: "No."
He: "Oh, already a widow?" She: "No."
He: "Then what on earth are you?" She: "Don't be silly. I'm at the seaside."

IN STAGELAND.

For the second time I have noticed one strange little detail which constitutes, in my opinion, just the one little fault that leavens the beauty of construction of Mr. Cyril Maude's beautiful play, "Grumpy," at the New Theatre. At one period in the last act there is a fevered search on the part of Grumpy, who is a retired criminal lawyer, and his swell cracksman guest, Jarvis, for an all-important camelia bound with a hair from a maid-servant's head. Jarvis has succeeded in thieving a £90,000 diamond, and unless Grumpy can secure this camelia his chances of recovering this diamond are nil. The bloom has been carelessly flung on to a mat in the room which forms the setting of Act IV., and is immediately picked up by a man-servant and placed in a vase unobserved by Jarvis and Grumpy.

* * *

My point is that the situation between Mr. Cyril Maude, as the old gentleman, and the crook is so tense that, although speech is suspended for the event, they remain too strong a counter-attraction for the transferring of the camelia from the mat to the vase to be generally noticed.

* * *

No wonder the Americans loved it! Your average New York dramatic enthusiast frequently enough goes into lachrymose ecstasies of approval of a very shallow brand of sentiment that would be ridiculed into immediate oblivion by the finer senses and judgment of our own audiences. What a wholesome treat it must have been, therefore, for them to be able to appreciate the nobler and really most uncommonly realistic blend of poignant pathos and happily averted tragedy with a just-sufficient current of tellingly-refined humour threading itself through this soundest of plays. Mr. Maude has done nothing better in all his successful career than the portrayal of this charming and almost ideal old gentleman. The supporting cast are immense, and Miss Hilda Bayley seemed to convey an impression of charm which is almost a duplication in appearance and personality, so far as the average Britisher can judge, of exactly the qualities that made Princess Patricia of Connaught so beloved of all Americans.

* * *

Miss Marie Tempest has not got a play in "The Duke of Killicrankie" worthy of her special rich reserve of social satirical subtlety. She alone possesses this wonderful quality, and one feels so sorry that plays of the timbre of H. A. Jones's "Mary Goes First" may not always be forthcoming just for her.

* * *

Peculiarly enough, the best bon mot of the play is spoken by a lesser character, Lady Pangbourne, who, in commenting on a parvenue's vulgarity, remarks that she doesn't like the way the latter wears her diamonds, which suggest something of "the exuberance of a chandelier." Mr. Weedon Grossmith plays a big part very well, and besides his rôle of Mr. Pitt-Wellby, M.P., seems to have to remember most of the others' lines in addition, as he was constantly prompting throughout.

* * *

When I heard that Sir Hubert von Herkomer, before his lately lamented death, which so stunned the art world, was interesting himself in filming, I knew it to be something new and fascinating in the way of hobbies so far as he was concerned. Now I see that a film in which he himself sustained a substantial rôle is going the round of the kinemas. It is entitled "A Highwayman's Honour."

W. R. C. R.

"She wears her diamonds with the exuberance of a chandelier." (from the Duke of Killicrankie).

SCENES WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

Mr. George Robey as counsel for the co-respondent in a recent theatrical divorce suit.

KITH AND KIN.

Until a few hours ago I regarded all flappers with good-natured indifference; now I think they should be forbidden by Act of Parliament. My holiday at Brighton was beginning extremely well. Yesterday, a little time after my arrival, I fixed on the lady I intended making love to during my brief stay, and I mentally complimented Browning on having expressed so neatly my sentiments in regard to the rightness of the world; but now—well, now I'll need to begin all over again.

Peggy was the lady's name, and she looked as though she had stepped off the cover of a magazine, but, in case you do not accept my word for it, I'll describe her so that you may judge for yourselves.

Clothed (among other things) in a dark blue costume, with frills and tucks and stuff at the cuffs and neck, she has a way of looking at you from under her funny little hat that makes you want to chuck yourself into the nearest hedge lest you should do something still sillier. Her red lips are slightly parted and seem to be saying coldly, "Go away," until you get nearer, when you perceive they are, in reality, saying "Come on." The rest of her face looks like an advertisement for a complexion cream.

Now that you know what a vision Peggy presents, you will readily understand that I looked forward to meeting her to-day at Pelham Road corner at two o'clock, as arranged. Accordingly, five minutes before the appointed time I was on guard, alternately admiring my reflection in a shop window and settling my hat (which the strong prevailing wind threatened to blow off) down firmer on my head.

Two o'clock; and Peggy wasn't in sight. Along the road, however, came a pretty little flapper (have you yet seen a genuine one who wasn't?) struggling against the gale. Even under normal conditions she would have been really worth looking at, and at that moment she was especially so. You see, the wind—well, leave it at that. Anyway, I couldn't help staring a little, and the flapper, fiercely angry at the wind, saw me.

I did not remove my gaze, and she turned on me, gasping astonishment.

"Well, I call that cheek!" she said, hotly.

"I would call it a leg," I murmured.

"I suppose you think you're clever?"

"No." I shook my head.

"Well, you're original, at any rate," she said, slightly mollified. "Every male I've met yet has thought himself clever; and every one's been wrong."

"You've broken your duck, now, young lady," I observed.

"Rot!" said miss. "I say, you're waiting for someone, aren't you? When a man's waiting for anyone he always tries to look as if he isn't, and that gives the show away."

Her words pulled me up with a jerk. It would be confoundedly awkward, I thought, if Peggy came along just now and found me talking to this young damsel. At the trysting place, too!

"Yes; I am waiting for someone," I said meaningly.

"Well, you *are* a cool customer—speaking to me when you're waiting for somebody else."

"But hang it all!" I cried. "It was you spoke first."

"Yes, but you shouldn't have looked."

"I couldn't——" Good heavens! Peggy was rounding the corner and she had seen us!

"Look here," I said quickly to the flapper, "do you mind my saying you're my sister. There's a lady coming along, and I don't want—*you* know. Go on; be a sport."

"Oh, right you are!" said the flapper.

Peggy sailed up, glancing first at me, then looking haughtily at the flapper, who grinned at her—grinned at her.

Before either of them could speak I stepped forward.

"Good day, Peggy," I said. "I was wondering if—oh, by the bye, this"—I waved my hand towards the flapper—"is my young sister."

Peggy regarded me for a long time. "Indeed," she said at last. "How peculiar!" Then she walked off.

"Peggy, I say, Peggy——" but she did not look back. I could have cursed the flapper . . . and the wind.

"Let this be a lesson to you," said she, severely. "Next time, when the wind blows . . . ."

"But why on earth—why on earth should she cut up rough? I explained! I told her you were my sister. Surely—"

"That's what's done it," said the flapper, judiciously.

"But how— why—"

"You see, she happens to be mine, too."

ERIC DE BANZIE.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The easy-going fellow may be hard to stop.

* * *

It's the first step that counts in the long run.

* * *

Many a big heart is concealed behind a narrow chest.

* * *

Hope is good sauce but poor food.

* * *

When a man settles down he can generally settle up.

* * *

Popularity consists mainly of allowing yourself to be bored once in a while.

* * *

The time arrives when a woman no longer counts. It synchronises with the time when she no longer counts—her years.

* * *

You may lead a horse to water but only a man may be driven to drink.

* * *

No news is good news, except to a woman.

* * *

Keep your mouth shut and you can acquire a reputation for almost anything.

* * *

In these days of paint and powder beauty is much more than skin deep.

* * *

Clothes are of man a thing apart but woman's whole existence.

EXUBERANCE IN SPORT.

The "rag" at Earl's Court was a fine example of the cap being blown off the safety-valve. These boys, young men if you like, had been at Lord's for a couple of days watching the exciting incidents of what was one of the most interesting matches played between the two big schools. Harrow had the best of it at the start, and Eton finally won, but even in the final stages the game was anybody's up to the last half hour.

Then began the "famous rag," which lasted into the small hours of the morning. It was an instance of what a great hold a real sporting function can take on a devotee. Earl's Court was the scene of most of the exploits, and many exalted personages forgot some of the weight of years or official cares by a little harmless, if noisy, frolic. Even the Prince of Wales was of the crowd.

There were many amusing and exciting incidents, such as the storming of the scenic railway, which from the ground looked a hazardous feat. At the "Smashing up the happy home" the boys raided the boxes of balls and smashed crockery as fast as it could be put up. In one case at least they did not wait for the plates to be put on the shelf, and a pretty good aim shivered a plate in the fingers of one of the attendants who was reaching above his head to put it on the kitchen dresser. He was so utterly astounded that he dropped to the floor and took cover.

There is just one thing about such a crowd. They are noisy and mischievous but not rowdy. You would only have to tell a boy with his collar round his ear and only the brim of a hat left, "That's not cricket," and he would drop the particular prank he was at, and agree in a moment.

It is curious that a fight should be responsible for the slight prolongation of the London season. Henley, Ascot, Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, are all over, and we are coming to Goodwood and flannels, seaside and country life. But Gunboat Smith v. Carpentier just gripped society, and although hundreds of people came up by motor from country homes, more stayed on until the week-end, so as to be present at Olympia.

I don't know who is world's champion, for the printing of this paper synchronises with the great bout we are all so interested in. What a difference from an old-time fight, when the men would have been kept right in the background until the last minute! To think of Charing Cross Station being raided, the horses being taken out of a boxer's carriage by the crowd and the extraordinary enthusiasm which prevailed on all hands when Carpentier reached London last Wednesday, would have made old Tom Sayers rub his eyes and ask if it were really a fighter or the saviour of the nation.

I don't think it is good for the boxer. Carpentier was undoubtedly excited and not a little nervous, and it leads to a large growth on the head. But it was all the same one of those cases of exuberance which is becoming part and parcel of our national life, and more's the pity.

We all know, or have read of, the chief rooter and his chorus at American sports' meetings, whether baseball, athletics, rowing or football. Well, frankly, we don't want him here, and last Tuesday's reception of Carpentier was sailing perilously near it. A cordial English welcome is one thing, a maffick when a Gallic boxer crosses the channel to meet an American on British soil is another. It almost makes one believe there is something in the stories of decadence, and the statement that we are becoming a nation of lookers-on.

Even here there were amusing incidents. Freddy Welsh, who by the way is writing a story of his life, and who has been turning out copy for the *Evening News* on the "grate fite," was asked by an American reporter if he could tell him the names of any great boxers who were present. According to the *Daily Mirror* Freddy said, "I am here in my official capacity as a reporter," and the Yankee did not really know whether he was keeping the scoops to himself, or didn't know.

Speaking of Freddy reminds me of his hard luck, and the absurdity of these giant purses in all but the real tip-top contests. That Freddy had to lose money over his fight with Ritchie for the world's championship, while the loser got a certain £3,000, and holds the first claim in the next £2,000 that comes in, is a scandal. Still, I believe Welsh would have paid Ritchie to fight him, so certain was he of winning, and so dearly did he covet the title of world's boxing champion. He hopes it will be worth some £10,000 to him in the next twelve months. Well, Freddy is a nice fellow with a real streak of grit in his composition, and he deserves all he can get out of his honour.

But that is getting away from exuberance in sport. We get it at football in the inter-hospital cup-ties, particularly those played under the rugger code. And look at boat-race night in the West End. It is a safety valve blown off, and the man who thinks 99 times out a hundred that the hand-clasp and "well rowed, sir," "well run," "good shot," 'well played," and so on is all that the well-bred man can do or say to express his appreciation, just now and then lets himself go. It shows how very human we all are under the thin veneer of convention.

I was sorry to read that W. R. Applegarth had strained himself slightly. This wonderful sprinter has been running a lot of late and he can probably do with a rest. Staleness is about the biggest bugbear of the athlete, and a slight strain, particularly to a sprinter, may mean the end of a brilliant career.

What is known as sprinter's breakdown, a rupture of the muscles at the back of the thigh, is always likely to recur, and once developed is almost incurable. Many fine runners and athletes, particularly "soccer" footballers, have had to retire from this cause. It is done in starting off quickly as a rule. Some little thing goes snap, and it is all over. I hope nothing of the kind has happened to Applegarth, for we look to men of his class to pull us to the front at Berlin in the Olympics of 1916.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

Newspapers and their readers.—"The Sportsman."

"BEAT THE NIGGER DOWN."

"John Bull's" Foolish Attack on Jack Jackson.

"Beat the nigger! Beat the nigger down!" was the cry that went up from the ringside as Frank Moran battled with Jack Johnson for the heavyweight boxing championship of the world in Paris last month. That cry, which was the concentration of race-hatred, rang out clear with all its venomous intensity then, but it was no nw thing to the big negro, for it had followed him wherever he went in the States and crossed with him over the Atlantic.

We could well understand such a course of action being followed in the States or even by the excitable inhabitants of France, but when we turn to England we expect to find that our traditional instinct of sportsmanship has been upheld, and that no man is pilloried and made a mark for mud-slinging under a false pretext whatever his colour or creed may be.

And now we find that *John Bull*, which sets itself up as a champion of British sportsmanship and fair dealing and an upholder of all that is square and right, is siding with certain men, moved by feelings of personal animosity and chagrin, in carrying on the campaign of making a social outcast of the black boxer.

The substance of the two-page article in *John Bull* hangs around the statement, purported to be signed by Johnson and reproduced in facsimile in *John Bull*, in which the negro is represented to state that he would hand over 40 per cent. of the receipts of the fight if Moran "lay down" to him in the eighth round. This is superscribed, "Jack Johnson—after fight must return this receipt," in Jack Johnson's handwriting. What receipt? There is no receipt in question, only the statement supposed to be signed by Jack Johnson. But Johnson, who very foolishly, we think, treats the matter lightly, saying, "I've had much worse things said about me, but they can't hurt me if they're not true," states that the whole idea is absurd. The signature and the phrase following it he admits to writing, but this was on another agreement. When the fight with Moran was first mooted, Mr. McCarthy put up a purse and a cheque was handed by him to Johnson. There was no money behind him, however, but Johnson arranged with Mr. McKetrick to carry the fight through themselves, keeping the cheque and receipt in order to justify himself in the eyes of the Press. Eventually the ordering of the fight was handed over to Mr. Vienie, and the old contract became null and void. The phrase in Johnson's handwriting referred to his first arrangement with McCarthy.

It is inconceivable that Johnson, who is a cute business man, should after the fight hand over the "receipt" which would be a most incriminating piece of evidence against him? Is there also the slightest probability that Johnson would place himself and his good name unreservedly into the hands of Mr. McKetrick, whom he has always known to be one of the foxiest men connected with the promotion of glove fights? The idea is more than absurd. We have not seen the original damning (?) document but if the reproduction in *John Bull* is an exact facsimile, it is remarkable how the typed statement has been crowded into the very small space which lay between the heading and Johnson's handwriting

On McKetrick's and Benton's (the writer of the *John Bull* article) own showing, McKetrick, whom *John Bull* designates as "one of the most respectable and enterprising of managers," came to a fishy arrangement with the champion, and then "double-crossed" him. And this is the man from whom *John Bull* would eagerly accept a statement making such a serious allegation against another man.

The remaining evidence is of the feeblest, that of Mr. Wolf, who calls himself Johnson's manager, whereas he was only something in the nature of a secretary, for Johnson always has acted as his own manager, and the two letters which *John Bull* prints are strangely reminiscent of the "tomato sauce" evidence which Mrs. Bardell made out innocent Mr. Pickwick as an unscrupulous villain.

One letter reads . . . "I am going to have things O.K. before I put the gloves on," and this again is regarded as conclusive evidence of a "crook" bout, whereas it was only the ordinary statement of a boxer who, as it was known all along, had been fighting with the man to whom it was addressed (Mr. McKetrick) for definite monetary terms.

Our space is limited, otherwise the whole article in every respect could be shown in every particular as a deliberate misrepresentation of everything that had occurred during the controversies prefacing the match, and a wicked distortion of the facts, and it is surprising that such a smart periodical as *John Bull* should have been gulled by such a statement coming from the pen of a deeply interested source.

Johnson never had any need to "fix up" any match, as the ultimate result of his meeting with Moran proved. Georges Carpentier, who was the referee of the match, states on the subject that there was never the slightest suggestion of crooked work during the whole of the fight, or he would have noticed it immediately and stopped the bout, but he says also that Johnson seemed confident all through, which does not seem to be the attitude of a man shackled by fear of the result, and who had to be almost forced into the ring by the presence of the gendarmerie.

The reason for this attack on Messrs. McKetrick's, Benton's, and Wolf's part is quite another story, which is well borne out by *reliable* documentary evidence.

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GOLF.

The days of holiday golf are coming apace. We have been more or less interested, and some of us excited, over the big competitions, but until the autumn when the £400 competition comes along they are all pretty well finished, and but for exhibition matches in which Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, James Braid, Ted Ray and George Duncan will be the star artists, there will be more talk in the clubs about domestic concerns than of the big men.

Perhaps it is always so. We used to hear a lot of the angling bore, but I think to the ordinary layman the golf bore is an even greater nuisance. You have got to find your brother angler to talk fishing for long, but get half a dozen fellows together, and it is odds two of them play golf, and then it only requires the spark and the other four might just as well leave them to it.

I know one London club in which certain worthy and influential members solemnly wrote a complaint to the committee that the club lounge was no longer possibly fit for any save the golf fanatics. In the winter months a little circle would draw their easy chairs round the fire and it was Walton Heath, Sunningdale, Bramshot, Raynes Park, Honor Oak, Ainswell Hill, Wimbledon, Foxgrove, etc., etc., for hours on end. And most of the talk was, of course, in the nature of personal reminiscence—a story of the thirteenth at this club, or the tenth at the other, or the full details of a particularly glorious victory.

It was good for the bar, of course, for every member of the coterie who was listened to with attention from the first to the eighteenth hole, with occasional digressions and retracing of steps to recall something particularly brilliant that had been overlooked, felt constrained to order another round. Indeed it was only those willing to fulfil this imperative obligation who could count on an attentive audience.

Now this is doubtless great fun to those who are interested, but imagine the man whose hobby may be music, the drama, high finance, gardening, or yachting having to listen hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, to golf gossip. Well, there are limits, and I personally think that is one of them. And I am afraid I have been as big a nuisance as anyone else.

I daresay a good many young readers have suffered from golf elbow, particularly those who play five or six rounds of golf a day. The pain resembles sciatica, and after a round is particularly acute. The worst of it is that it does not stop one from playing, and after a fortnight's rest perhaps the enthusiast will be tempted to see how his arms have progressed.

I have a friend who has gone in for motor cycling this year and golf has in consequence taken a back seat for the time being. He is driving a nine horse-power machine, and is riding it to death. But curious to relate that vibration to the forearm received from the handle bars has practically cured his golf elbow. He is so delighted that he has played little golf this summer, but is waiting for the autumn and then threatens to have a big burst out.

If any argument were needed that municipal golf is a step in the right direction, one is forthcoming from Sheffield, where no fewer than 481 players went round the course on a recent Saturday. London golf, provided by the Corporation, is to be had at Hainault and Chingford, and in both cases it is played on common land. Cannot the City fathers find us another half dozen courses in London? I know of one or two that may come under the builder's hands at any time now. What a great thing it would be to save the land for open spaces and golf. Such courses as Highgate, Neasden, Muswell Hill, Honor Oak, Acton, and Dulwich, to mention only a few close handy to town, come to mind as places which may be required by the builder in the comparatively near future. The public body that would save some of these playing fields would be conferring a great blessing on posterity.

NIBLICK.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

G. E. B. (Windsor Castle).—Thanks for corrections and useful information re titled parsons, which we have noted.

J. M. (St. Helens).—We do not allow our Sporting Editor to telegraph tips on day of races.

T. O. S. (Norwich).—All we have gleaned from your communication is the firm conviction that you ought to buy a typewriter.

R. W. (Cardiff).—The honest sweepstake promoters have **not** been interfered with by the Swiss authorities. So far as we know the firm you name is all right.

P. R. (Chelsea).—Sydney Grundy's first play, we believe, was a comedietta, "A Little Change," produced at the old Haymarket, forty years ago.

S. C. (Leeds).—We daren't put into cold print what we really think of your story. Don't send any more, thanks. Our W.P.B. is already overworked.

J. T. A. (Balham).—Judging from sketch submitted no course of tuition by post could make you an artist. Better save your money. Miracles don't happen nowadays and the pen-and-ink market is glutted with mediocrities, and worse.

MOTORING.

"Triplex" (Blackpool).—The noise is probably due to the springs which require lubricating. For this purpose a spring leaf opener is necessary; it costs about six or seven shillings.

S. S. (Portsmouth).—You should have a waterproof terminal fitted to the sparking plug.

OUTER MAN.

E. K. T. (Raynes Park).—With evening dress a white carnation as a buttonhole is quite correct.

Dress (Lincoln).—Leather belts are quite comfortable in wear and look considerably smarter than the elastic variety.

H. P. (Folkestone).—By all means have a coloured hat band if you have any colours to sport!

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IT is said that "hunger is the best Sauce." This may be right in a way but the Epicure whose palate at times requires stimulating is often of a different opinion. He looks round for some condiment that not only contains the necessary ingredients to promote a good and healthy appetite, but also possesses the power to effectually aid the digestive organs. The proprietors of the P.P.S. in placing their Speciality before the public can, with the utmost confidence, recommend it as the best Sauce upon the market. It has won its way to the front rank entirely by its unrivalled merits, and not by extensive advertising. Its exquisite flavour and its approved ability to aid digestion so appeal to those once using it that its sales are continuously increasing. A perusal of the numerous unsolicited testimonials will confirm the above statement.

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FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

The Stock markets are still dominated by a number of disturbing factors which preclude any probability of general activity. The Ulster question, which ought to have been settled a year ago, has now reached its critical stage; the continental situation is still disquieting, owing to financial troubles in Vienna, mainly due to the serious aspect assumed by the Austria-Servian dispute, which is one that will need extremely cautious handling if trouble is to be avoided. Consols have been weak; foreign stocks have displayed no particular strength; there has been very little doing in Home Rails, whose traffics have been distinctly disappointing. Rubber and Oil are slightly firmer in tone, but without much business passing. Kaffirs have, as usual, failed to maintain their promise of sustained activity. As a consequence of these "bear" points, *plus* the influence of important sporting fixtures and the holiday season, business still remains at a very low ebb, the public obstinately declining to "come in"—that is to say, speculate—mainly for the members' benefit. "House" men remain idle—and impecunious. "Where will it all end?" is the question being asked by the majority of the members, who feel that they are not sufficiently strong, financially, to "hang on" much longer.

* * *

While it is fully recognised that Canada has recently had a serious set-back as a consequence of financial and political disturbances, over-borrowing and over-speculating, it remains true that the country is all right and bound to recuperate—perhaps more rapidly than the pessimists suppose. Her immense national resources are still there, unaffected by the financial stringency; there are still 400,000,000 acres of arable land to bring under cultivation; her immense mineral resources have been scarcely touched. Canada possesses wonderful wealth in water powers, timber and fisheries.

* * *

Those who are holding sound Canadian securities should continue to hold; capitalists able to purchase outright the best class of Canadian stocks can now find some splendid bargains. The future of Canada is practically assured. It is a land of brainy, resourceful statesmen, financiers, manufacturers and commercial experts, and the people are ambitious, thrifty and hard-working, inspired with a thorough belief in the coming greatness of their country.

* * *

The affairs of Brazil are still in a very serious condition, and the outlook appears far from promising. As regards the projected loan the European bankers have acquired the conviction that, even if it were floated, a large proportion of the proceeds would never be utilised for the legitimate internal development of the country. This is the principal cause of the delay.

* * *

Meantime, certain Brazilian companies are placed in an extremely difficult position, because they are looking to the Brazilian Government for financial aid in the realisation of their projects, which have been based on the expectation of receiving these funds from the Brazilian Government. In the City all these complications are causing a growing uneasiness.

* * *

Those of our readers who receive invitations from outside brokers to "participate in the rousing Rhodesian revival" should act with the greatest caution, or they may be "landed." From time to time Sir Abe Bailey makes a strong effort to galvanise this market—an extremely difficult task. We hear that he is about to start another market campaign. Should he do so our readers must not forget that there are not many Rhodesian shares worth buying—however cleverly they may be "boomed." A word to the wise.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

At present quotations, the following securities yield 4 per cent. or over:—

		Price.	Yield p.c. £	s.	d.
New South Wales Loan	1942-62	98	4	1	9
Victorian Government Loan	1940-60	100	4	0	0
West Australian Loan.....	1942-62	98	4	1	9
Tasmanian Loan	1940-50	99	4	0	9

* * *

In certain quarters the Mutual Life of New York and the National Mutual are being criticised for their offer to retain their policy-holders' funds and allow them thereupon a very generous rate of interest. The bankers appear to be nervous—probably fearing the extension of a system that would divert a good deal of money to the assurance companies, should the system spread. This would, of course, seriously affect the banks, which are now making such frantic efforts to secure the control of the surplus funds of the nation. There is, of course, no other reason for this craze for amalgamations that has seized the Napoleons and the semi-Napoleons of the banking world.

* * *

Those who are acquainted with the mechanism of both banking and assurance are well aware that the banking experts have still a great deal to learn from those who have built up the colossal assurance business of the country. In this connection it is interesting to quote *The Times*, which recently remarked:—"A persistent application of the assurance companies' methods of finance to a great London bank would, in ten years, place it in such a position of overpowering strength that its competitors, for their existence sake, would be compelled to follow . . . . . It is to assurance companies rather than to banks that we must look for lessons on the practical application of sound financial principles, and that is not a state of affairs which is to the credit of the banks."

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[*Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope.*]

"Flash," Dundee.—Shells may be lower at present, but they are, of course, quite good to hold for a recovery. Everything is lower just now, for obvious reasons.

"Marie," Manchester.—Home Rails appear tempting, and certain bucket shops are strongly advising their clients to "get into the market." But we say "Keep out," for reasons already explained in this column.

"Kinex," Burslem.—We do not advise purchase of cinema shares—prospects far from promising, competition ruinous dividends dwindling.

"Hope," Swansea.—Limited payment policy would best suit your purpose. Company you mention quite suitable.

"Thrifty," Colchester.—Farrow's Bank would suit your purpose. Write them for booklet

"Latex" Hull.—Hold your Rubbers for an improvement. We do not advise buying shares you mention. Too dear and too risky for small investor.

BOTH SHARES.

Mudge: "Here's a man figured out that if all the money in the world were divided equally, each adult would get about thirty dollars."

Meek: "He's wrong. My wife would get sixty dollars."—*Boston Transcript*.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
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RACING.

By "OBSERVER."

When that unbeaten two-year-old filly, Lady Josephine, gained her latest success the other day, there was a suspicion after the race, the Champagne Stakes, that she was breathing in a manner which suggested lack of stamina. On that account it is worth recording that Fallon, her trainer, subsequently stated that the filly was by no means wound up for the race, as he knew Let Fly would not compete and that the opposition would be moderate, so Lady Josephine was eased in her work prior to the contest. Fallon said that he has never had a sounder winded animal to train. Personally, I am of opinion that Lady Josephine is the best juvenile of the year, and do not expect her to be beaten over five furlongs this campaign.

The turf has sustained a great loss by the death of Lord Ellesmere, who for many years raced on an extensive scale. Lord Ellesmere was a great sportsman. He was not, however, a fortunate one, the fates being dead against him on many occasions, particularly in the Derby of 31 years ago, and when mentioning this sensational race, I may add that Lord Ellesmere never won a classic contest. In 1883, Lord Ellesmere's colt, Highland Chief, was thought by his connections to hold a good chance in the Derby, and so he did, but in a thrilling finish the judge held the view that St. Blaise had beaten Highland Chief by a neck; a verdict that greatly surprised many people who thought Lord Ellesmere's colt the winner.

At the moment Corcyra is favourite for the St. Leger with the few bookmakers who are wagering on the result of the classics. It is highly probable that the Doncaster event will prove to be the most attractive of the classic contests.

A well-informed Newmarket correspondent tells me that Mr. Lewisohn's gelding, Boots, is certain to score again in the near future. Boots certainly won at Haydock Park in very hollow style.

After his forward running behind Harmonicon at Newmarket, Lord Annandale is certain to render a good account of himself in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood.

Four meetings are down for decision this week, Leicester and Ayr occupying Monday and Tuesday, Liverpool from Wednesday to Friday, and Hurst Park Friday and Saturday.

On the opening day at Leicester, Philanthropy should win the Prince of Wales' Selling Plate, Fusee the Still the Evington Plate, and Agapanthus the Stoughton Handicap. On Tuesday, Boots may follow up his Haydock success by taking the Oadby Handicap, and Josh may score in the Belvoir Castle Handicap.

At Ayr on Monday the July Plate may fall to Cheery Bird, and the Carrick Welter to Blue Danube. Annum could win the Montrose Handicap on the second day, and Sarnia the Stand Handicap.

There will be plenty of attractive sport at Liverpool where, on the opening day, Bonfire is likely to win the Liverpool Plate, and September Morn the Windermere High Handicap. The Boss may secure the Molyneux Plate on Thursday, and Kenwave the Cup Courier Selling Handicap. I have already referred to the Liverpool Cup on the concluding day, when Erl King should score in the Croxteth Plate.

Likely winners at Hurst Park on Friday are: Verney II. in the Park Handicap, and Starboard Light in the Vyner Handicap. Rosey Ina may be successful in the Walton Handicap on Saturday, and Pictorial in the Sprint Handicap.

Mrs. Weaverson, the American lady suing her husband's septuagenarian lady employé for alienating his affections, is a Mazdaznan and professes to "cure diseases by the perfect breath." A stroll down the New Cut last week convinced us that many of our horny-handed sons of toil must also be disciples of Mazdaznan.

WITH MOTOR CYCLE & CAR.

The last thing to be standardised on motor-cycles and cycle-cars will probably be the transmission. When manufacturers have racked their brains—and drawn blank—for improvements, the question of standardisation will doubtless engage their attention. They will be able to agree on matters of springing, oiling, and braking, but the problem of how to transfer the power from the engine to the wheels looks like being an everlasting bone of contention.

Despite the many enemies that it has made since it was first introduced, belt-drive is still the most popular system for motor-cycles. Very little is nowadays seen of leather belts. These do not slip, and are not anything like so liable to stretch as the rubber variety. They must, however, be scraped and dressed at intervals, and are very dirty things to handle. A leather-rubber belt has been introduced, which, combining the advantages and eliminating the individual objections of the two materials, appears to be extremely satisfactory.

The worst propensities of the rubber belt are the tendency to slip in wet weather, and the constant need of attention. Slipping can be remedied to some extent by using the anti-slip preparations which are on the market, or by fitting some type of shield. The latter will also prevent the wholesale distribution of mud over the machine. A great deal of the trouble experienced is undoubtedly due to the fastener. A well-made fastener is an absolute necessity. One has recently been patented which has two screws on each end, and this I can cordially recommend. If it is used, "pulls-through" will be eliminated. When choosing a machine, it is important to make sure that it is designed for a fairly large belt. In my experience the five-eighth inch section is a constant source of trouble. A three-quarter, or rather a one-inch, belt is what is wanted.

Some fasteners are exceedingly brittle and, therefore, liable to snap. It is a good plan to heat them red hot and then allow them to cool slowly. This will soften the metal. Small pulleys shorten the life of a belt and cause it to slip at the least provocation. Where the countershaft pulleys are placed directly underneath the seats in a cycle-car there is a temptation to fit small pulleys in order to allow of sufficient road clearance. This sort of cycle car should, therefore, be carefully examined.

Probably the future of the motor-cycle will be intimately bound up with the excellence of the shaft-drive. This is silent, wears well, and—best of all—*cannot* stretch. The chain-cum-belt system does not appear to be "booming" to the extent that was at first anticipated. Chains, of course, have much in their favour. They are cheap, and will generally last for about 10,000 miles. Their efficiency is undoubted when used in conjunction with an oil-bath gear-case. The latter should be of first-class manufacture, or it will prove a snare and a delusion. Many gear-cases serve to prevent the chain from being easily examined, and at the same time admit dust and water. The so-called harshness of a chain-drive will disappear if a good shock-absorber is fitted and the engine has a moderate compression. On the other hand, there is no doubt that at the end of a *long* journey the chain-driver is more tired than he who pins his faith to a belt.

E. B. INCE.

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JONATHAN NICHOLSON, M.A., LL.D. President of the International Health League. Author of "Physical Regeneration," "Highway of Health," "Marriage and All about It," etc, etc. Editor, "Bulletin of Health," Representation Health Culture.

MY HOME COURSE OF NATURAL HEALING is a combined course of drugless treatment that deals with disease in the only way to eradicate it, that is it removes THE CAUSE. If you had a noxious weed in your garden, you would not clip the weeds to remove it, you would root it out. Just so with disease, **it must be rooted out.** My Course of Nature Treatment deals with both sides of men, the mental and physical. If you are weak, sick, depressed, or suffering from the results of harmful habits, if you are the victim to any baneful vice, if you are in want of efficiency and buoyant health, if you have been a disappointment and a failure, lacking in business ability, negative in disposition, not sought after by your friends, YOUR HEALTH is at fault in some direction and the Home Course is what you need.

THIS COMBINED HOME COURSE IS THE MOST THOROUGH THERE IS.

There is no other system that can rejuvenate a drained system like this NATURAL METHOD OF HEALING, and this without the use of poisonous mineral drugs. Superb Manhood Regained, Strength, Power, Force of Character, Concentration, Will Power, Physical Energy, Quickness, Vivid Thinking, Personal Magnetism, Vigour, Self Control, and a striking Personality. If you wish for this, which is worth everything to you, write for my booklet.

In Six Short Months I can Re-make You.

IS IT WORTH YOUR ATTENTION?

Dear Sir, READ THIS:— 8-8-13.

I enclose my last instalment, and it is with the deepest feelings of gratitude I give you my final report. I was, sad to say, led into bad company to my sorrow. When I came to you, and had a talk with you, I felt I was with one whom I could trust, and who would not hold back the skill he was blessed with. I have no need to outline my state, a man and yet not a man, no pleasure in life, simply a selfish degraded thing, no hope, no wish to live. Your first words inspired me, and soon your magnetic power seemed to invade me, and I then desired to do better, and to get well. Six short months have put me into another world, I feel a newly-made man. My health now is wonderful, I am strong, lively, happy, and sleep like a top, while my manhood, appetite, weight, and so on are all that could be desired. I owe it all to you. Accept my deepest thanks. Use this just how you like. Yours ever sincerely,—A.K.L.——N.

VITAL FORCE means Life, the force of Life, and so many young men through indiscretion get in a low state, and fly to the first quack remedy they see, without seriously considering it. To lose the bloom of youth, and to know the dreaded symptoms are daily getting a firmer hold is bad enough, but to adopt a useless treatment adds fuel to the fire. Weak men go to the Wall. **Don't be a Weakling!**

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Liver Trouble	Gravel	Tremblings	Stomach Trouble
Kidney Disease	Heart Weakness	Varicocele	St. Vitus' Dance
Catarrh	Palpitation	Hernia, or Rupture	Varicose Veins, etc., etc., etc.
	Hysteria		

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"Health Culture" Magazine (Monthly, nearly 100 Pages). The high-class Health Journal of the United States, contains articles by Jonathan Nicholson on Health, Physical Regeneration and Purity. Subscription for the year, 7/6. Supplied by Subsciption List only. Representative for Great Britain: Johnathan Nicholson.

Post to JONATHAN NICHOLSON, LL.D., Argyle Chambers, 106, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

AN ALTERNATIVE THEORY.

She: "It's no use talking——————"

He: "No, it is not. But I suppose you do it from a sense of duty?"

* * *

NOT A QUICK LUNCH RESTAURANT.

"Let's go in to this restaurant, and get something to eat."

"But I'm not hungry."

"That doesn't matter; you will be before you get anything."

* * *

A MIXTURE OF METAPHORS.

"Ah, your language! Eet ees so difficult."

"What's the matter, Count?"

"First, zis novel eet say ze man was unhorsed."

"Yes."

"Zen it say he was cowed."

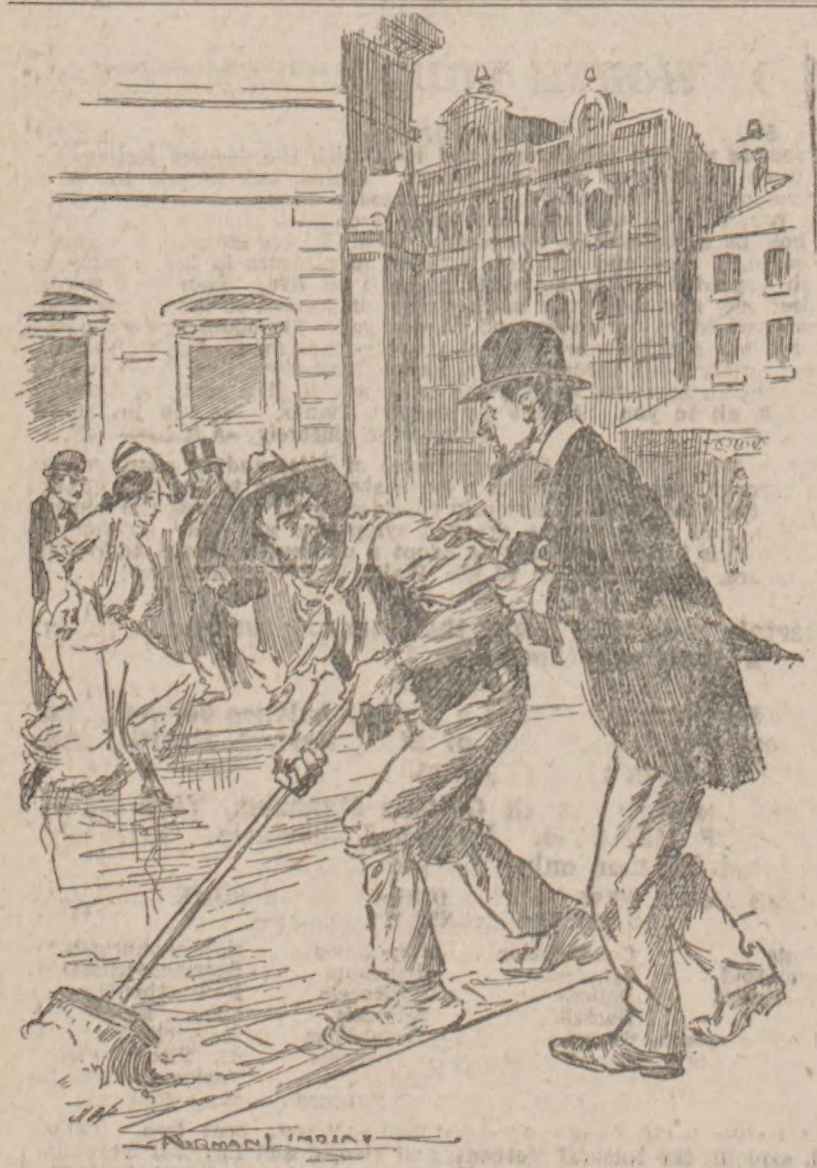
* * *

CASH.

"Talking about inventions," said the business man, "I have a little machine in my place that would make me a millionaire if I only could keep it going all the time."

"What is it?"

"A cash register."



Electioneering Agent: "I suppose you'll drop down at dinner time and give the Reform candidate a shove along."

The Mud Shover: "I will not. If you was shovin' muck along all the mornin' ye'd want a change for a few minutes." —*Sydney Bulletin*

"What! You lose one of my shirts, and then have the cheek to expect me to pay for washing it!"

"Certainly. I didn't lose it until after it was washed."

—*Le Rire*

SELFISHNESS.

First Girl (in the crush at the parade): "Mercy! What a dreadful crowd! I wish now I'd stayed at home, don't you?"

Second Girl: "Certainly not; but I wish to goodness those others had."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

ADVICE.

"What can I use to clean carpets?" asked a correspondent, who signed herself, rather bashfully, 'Young Bride.'"

"Have you tried your young husband?" replied the answers' editor, who lost his position just a few hours after the reply appeared.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

* * *

HUBBY'S SUGGESTION.

Mrs. Oneymun: "If you never go to church with me, how are people to know that I am married?"

Mr. Oneymun: "Oh, take the kids with you. I guess that will make people suspect the truth at least."—*Dallas News.*

* * *

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

"Seems to me these stockings are rather flimsy," said the man who was shopping for his wife. "Will they stand much strain?"

"Well, I don't know," responded the clerk dubiously. "Will they—er—be extra well filled?"—*Judge.*

* * *

ANTEDATED.

"Which one of the Ten Commandments did Adam break when he ate the apple?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"He didn't break any," replied one little fellow.

"Why not?" queried the teacher.

"'Cause there wasn't any then."—*Chicago News.*

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

In the course of a week or two I receive many queries on a wide variety of subjects, but if there is one thing which appears to trouble my readers more than anything else it is the colour of the clothes they should wear. They are certainly very wise to seek information of some kind on this point. Many men whose suits are faultlessly cut, and whose figures are elegance itself, spoil the whole effect by choosing a cloth which does not suit them. This is a matter on which it does not do to rely too much on the tailor. Tailors are, for the most part, very excellent fellows in their way, but when there are a few yards of a particular kind of material on their hands the temptation to dispose of it quickly is often too great to be resisted. And those friends who know what's right and what's wrong are not the people to make personal remarks. Thus it is that many men never look their best.

* * *

As a general rule, it is exceedingly difficult to answer questions on colour without being acquainted with many details which most correspondents fail to give. There are, however, a few definite principles which may usefully be enumerated. Brown is a frequent stumbling block. Nothing but the very darkest brown should ever be worn by a pale man. Pale people, too, would be wise to avoid light grey tweeds. The best material for them is a dark blue serge. This should be entirely without a pattern, as otherwise it will look very "cheap" after a few months' wear.

* * *

There are, of course, two strong objections to blue serge. This material is liable to become shiney—a fate which, so far as I am aware, nothing can avert. Sometimes when in this melancholy condition it can be doctored up temporarily by gently rubbing the resplendent portions with fine emery paper. For removing stains benzine is good, but must be used with great care. The other objection is that the man who perpetually wears blue serge appears never to have a new suit. Certainly this is a very shadowy fault to find, but nevertheless the fact remains.

* * *

My advice to the pale man is, therefore, to wear blue serge and dark tweeds alternately. He with the dark complexion should go almost to the other extreme and choose a tweed of a neat, light pattern. He, too, must be careful in the matter of browns, which are always a pitfall. A good rule in this connection is to wear brown if you have brown eyes—otherwise to shun the colour.

* * *

Above everything else "fancy waistcoats" should be avoided. They suit very few men and are in addition hopelessly out of fashion. Really, the highly-coloured and elaborately designed waistcoat only thrived in the days when dark blue was about the "nuttiest" kind of suit on the market. Nowadays when we revel in plums, greys, browns, and everything mixed together there is no need to be dependent upon the waistcoat for the necessary dash of colour. So wear your "vest" to match your suit. The weird-looking fancy evening dress waistcoats have also been consigned to oblivion by almost everyone except touring actors. Simplicity is the keynote of evening wear, and the waistcoat should therefore be either dead black or a spotless white. If it is the latter it will need to be well cut by a first-class tailor.

* * *

That particular kind of colour scheme which involves the tie, socks and handkerchief being of the same flaming hue is also distinctly "outré"; where the tie and the silk handkerchief match one another, the socks should be of a subdued design. Black ones with white silk clocks would be correct. Otherwise, the dazzling effect of the full colour scheme stamps a youth as being a "knut" and a man as being a bounder.

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